

## The Evening World.

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## MILITARY TRAINING FOR BOYS.

THE Mayor's Committee on Food Supply, in combination with the Board of Education, purposes to teach school girls how to buy food cheaply and well. The plan is excellent. It adds one more to the many courses now given in the school curriculum to fit girls for the duties of womanhood. An equal attention should be given to fitting boys for the imperative duties of manhood, including that of national defense in time of war by means of military drill and discipline.

The need of such defense seems remote, but so it seemed to the people of Great Britain six weeks ago. When Gen. Roberts began urging the British to heed the lessons taught by the disasters of the war in South Africa and set themselves to prepare for greater wars in future, not even his high reputation, his personal popularity and the weight of his arguments saved him from ridicule in some quarters and denunciation in others. Now when the emergency has come Great Britain has to do in haste and at high cost what she refused to do when all the opportunities of peace were hers.

The lesson is pertinent to us. In a well-known speculative study upon a possible war against the United States, Gen. von Edelsheim of the Prussian General Staff estimated that for the defense of New York against attack we could bring up at the hour of need less than 50,000 men ready for battle, backed by a militia badly armed "and its training worse than its armament." The conclusion is erroneous, but there is truth at the base of it. We should train our boys to defend the land with discipline as well as valor.

## A FAST CHANGING TALLY.

BY way of enabling the people of this country to keep tally of our obligations as neutrals, President Wilson issued on Tuesday a supplementary proclamation announcing the list of warring nations as follows:

Austria-Hungary and Serbia.  
Germany and Russia.  
Germany and France.  
Germany and Great Britain.  
Austria-Hungary and Russia.  
Great Britain and Austria-Hungary.  
Germany and Belgium.  
France and Austria-Hungary.  
Japan and Germany.

Brief as has been the time since its publication, the list is already incomplete, the tally needs revision. A new factor was added to it by Austria's declaration of war against Japan. Even now it cannot be deemed final. The God of War is about as arbitrary in his proceedings as the makers of corporation schedules, and further additions may be expected at any time on twelve hours' notice.

## A STRICTLY PACIFIC SHOW.

REPORT from Paris that the French Government may not carry out its proposed exhibition at the Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco is not surprising. France has need at home for all she has of men, money and energy just now, and it is not likely the need will lessen for some time to come.

Absence of exhibits from the warring nations will give all the more importance and interest to exhibits from those at peace. This means that the exposition will come near to fitting itself to its name—"Pacific." It will afford an opportunity for the manufacturers of the United States to display to visitors from all American countries how far we can fulfill their demands, whether of comfort, luxury or ingenuity. In many respects we can supply these wants better than Europe has been doing it, and since we are to have at the exposition a free field without competition, the results are likely to equal all that our energies deserve.

As the West has little in the way of manufactured goods suitable for export, the burden of the exposition, so far as display is concerned, falls upon the East, and to the East will come the profits. It is, therefore, a good time to begin looking West for next year's business as well as pleasure.

## Letters From the People

## Surface Car Reform.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why is it that in Brooklyn we continue to have cars with the steps and the running boards such a great distance from the ground? Would it not be a comparatively easy matter to remedy this? I do not believe it would involve much expense to the B. R. T. if the Public Service Commission would compel them to have two steps where there is now only one, and in the case of the old open cars to have a narrow portion of the platform nearest the edge between each two seats made into a step and the running board lowered correspondingly. I believe in some cities in Canada the open cars are equipped with two running boards, one above the other, on the one side, which is very satisfactory. And it would be a good idea to adopt some such plan in Brooklyn. "Improvement is the order of the age," and I am sure the people of Brooklyn would

like to see some improvement at once in the way of making it at least a little more convenient for passengers to get on and off vehicles they are compelled to use day in and day out all the year around.

CHARLES E. N.

"Cruelty to Policemen."  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In behalf of policemen and firemen I wish to protest against the fact that in hot weather they have to wear such heavy suits with thick collars and heavy caps. Cannot some one suggest something more bearable for these deserving men to wear?

A Cable Date Problem.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I read recently: "On Aug. 2, 1858, Queen Victoria wired President Buchanan over the first Atlantic cable wishing us peace and prosperity." Now, Aug. 22 is the 24th day of the year. 234 - 18 = 13. 1858 lacks only one from being an exact multiple of 13. 858 = 66 x 13. Since 1858 Uncle Sam has had two wars and some panic. 1858 is fifty-six years ago. 66 or 66 reversed = 6 x 11. C. L. D.

## SPOILED HER TRIP.

"Then your wife didn't enjoy her trip to Niagara?"  
"No; the minute she saw that rushing water she began to wonder if she hadn't come away from home and left a faucet running."—Pittsburgh Post.

## QUICK CHANGE.

He—What do you charge for your rooms?  
Lodging-house keeper—From two guineas up.  
He—But I am an actor.  
She—Then it's two guineas down.—London Opinion.

## Zeppelin

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By Robert Minor



## The Jarr Family.

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THE Higher Thought, or Imaginary, Fire still raged in and around the Jarr residence in Harlem. Everything was present but the flames.

By this time an entire battalion was at work upon the block, and unless checked soon it began to look as though the entire street might be washed and chopped away to save it from the devouring flames.

Just at this point, however, Gus announced he had tapped a fresh keg and he would regale the prostrated firemen, eight of whom were nearly drowned in the cellar, while Claude—wearing such heavy suits with thick collars and heavy caps. Cannot some one suggest something more bearable for these deserving men to wear?

But the twenty-ninth time she rushed back into the house to be saved Claude succumbed to exhaustion, and Gertrude had to pick him up and throw him over her shoulder and carry him into Gus's place where Limburger cheese sandwiches and other restoratives were applied. Gus now informed the Battalion Chief that the neighborhood smelled very damp to him, and if the engines would only stop belching the dense columns of smoke all over the vicinity he believed the fire could be gotten under control.

Meanwhile, Claude's company, be-

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## Mr. Jarr is Still in Dire Peril Of Drowning in Fireless Flames

ing first on the scene, had succeeded in chopping through the roof and putting a ladder down through to the top landing.

They might have gone down the stairs from the roof but for the fact that the gallant smoke-eaters from the second company on the scene had chopped down the stairs from the roof to the second story.

However, nothing daunted, the daring and efficient firemen of Claude's company fell down their ladder—the fattest fireman falling first as a human mattress—and then, all being good swimmers, had

plunged through the water to the hallway outside the Jarr apartments. They were in too great haste to see if the door was unlocked, as it afterward proved to be, so they promptly cut down the partition wall to the hall and crawled through to save the Jarr family.

Without pausing to chop the piano to pieces—for now the searchlight played through the darkness of the interior and they could see—the firemen saved Master Willie from his perilous position on the piano. Three of them lifted him in the piano cover and with a rope lowered him down the facade

of the house amid the huzzas of 10,000 delighted and appreciative hero worshippers.

Mr. Jarr, meanwhile, was lying on his back in some two feet of water, realizing that at least his poor tango-swollen feet felt relieved.

Besides being in this physical position, he was in the mental one of those persons who, travelling in Europe and wishing they lived in the dreadful, stirring, romantic days when Napoleon fought for the heavyweight military championship, found modern America looked good to them when Emperor William returned in haste from Norway and started something.

Seeing a good-looking woman of medium rescuing weight screaming on a sofa all the firemen now bursting into the front room through the chopped office in the wall decided to save her. Mr. Jarr not looking anywhere near as attractive for the nucleus of a heroic rescue.

"Come, lady, get on me back!" cried the ugliest fireman; "I'll carry you down the ladder!"

"And me with black cotton stockings and these shabby old Oxford ties!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Go away, if you are gentlemen! I'd rather perish!"

"Come, hurry, lady!" chorused all the firemen.

"Well, you've got to wait till I put on something fitting to wear to go down a ladder!" declared Mrs. Jarr. "That's final. I wouldn't give Mrs. Rangle the satisfaction of seeing me saved in these old duds!"

When the hair is dry the ends should be drawn together in even clusters and then burned to a uniform length. This process of singeing is very easily accomplished with the flame of a candle or a match, and the end of the hollow hair is closed up by the singeing so that the nourishing fluid is retained in the hair; and the hair does not lose any of its gloss or strength.

Hair will often start with renewed growth after a careful singeing of the ends.

If the scalp is dry and the hair inclined to be thin, use a little vaseline rubbed lightly into the roots and so as not to get the grease into the hair, itself, but only into the scalp. After a headache, or any sort of illness, the hair needs feeding; to renew it. Repeated headaches will injure hair and turn it gray; while fevers will cause it to fall and lose its vitality and color. Doctors say that every woman's hair and skin should be treated after an illness.

Never rub the scalp hard. Underneath the scalp is a spongy substance in which are the roots of the hair. They do not grow in the scalp, but through it, in this spongy, oily substance provided to feed them. One reason why men become bald is because barbers often use terribly caustic soaps in their shampoos, mix ammonia with the hair washes, and then complete the process of hair destruction by rubbing, violently, with the belief, perhaps, that they are bringing fresh blood to the scalp to feed the hair.

Violent rubbing loosens the roots of the hair from the bed beneath the scalp, and also dissipates the oily portion of this nourishing substance so that the hair falls out. If the underlying substance is dissipated to such an extent that nothing remains, the hair will never grow again. Hair requires nature's oils beneath the scalp, and usually thrives on artificial oils of the right sort.

While at present there may be an unsettled state of affairs, yet every-

where those who know will tell you that things will "pick up" in a big way in this country and opportunity will be knocking every minute.

And you, who are thinking as well as you might, right now, and are worrying over things you cannot possibly help at present, may well believe it.

Young woman of the factory, whose arm perchance ships all the products abroad and at present is not working full time, must understand that pretty soon your services will be required to the fullest capacity in various channels.

You, who have sought a home here, having left your fatherland, which happens to be one of the warring kindreds, if you are thinking of those loved ones who are in the thick of the fight, you must console yourself with the truth that things might be a great deal worse. Be glad that you and your immediate family are SAFE at least, and under FAVORABLE stars.

And, little mothers of many children who have been struggling to make ends meet, you now feel the possible difficulty of making them reach only half way, take heart. "With every despair a new hope is born." The struggles of yesterday are always yours.

Again I did not know what to do. After considering some little time, I decided on a subterfuge. I would call Mildred up, meet her somewhere at lunch—this had become quite a habit with us—and tell her that Jack had told me he was to have some information on a stock from Mr. Cosgrove, and was to tell me about it when he came home.

I could think of no other way to satisfy Mildred's hear of it, or if Jack should make a lot of money, to explain why I had not kept my promise to her. Again I gave no thought to breaking faith with Jack by telling her. When I telephoned she said she would be delighted to

lunch with me.

"I hope you will be satisfied now that I am doing all I can to do money for you!" Then, "Even though it is against my conscience."

"Oh, bother your conscience!" I retorted; "I don't see that you would ever have had anything if you had been guided by that!"

"Nothing except peace of mind, perhaps." (To Be Continued.)

How to Battle With the Blues.

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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ARE you weary, worn and worried? Do you feel uneasy, unsettled, restless, and does the atmosphere seem filled with battle smoke, through which you cannot see clearly? Have you been laid off at your work or lost your job? Do you dread the future, not knowing what may come next?

In other words, are you battling with the blues?

Well, then, do you know that "It's an ill wind that blows no one good?" And while nobody wants to gain property at tremendous loss to others, the fact is that by and by things are going to be much better for you under Uncle Sam's domain.

While at present there may be an unsettled state of affairs, yet every-

## REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL.

By HELEN ROWLAND.

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MANY a girl fancies that a man has lost his heart to her when he has only temporarily mislaid it.

When a man says that he considers a girl "worth while" nowadays, he merely means that he considers her "worth while-ing away the time with."

A honeymoon crowded with kisses is as tiring to the average man as a wall covered with pictures is to the eye; it takes a little space and perspective to give such things their proper value.

No man was ever such a bitter woman-hater that he could pass by a hosiery shop without glancing at the window.

In the opinion of most men, love is represented by the "heart-line," marriage by the "clothes-line" and divorce by the "life-line."

A man seldom loves a woman as he should—perhaps because he finds it so much more interesting to love some other woman as he shouldn't.

Be very firm in telling a man that he mustn't make love to you—that is, if you are really anxious to have him begin immediately.

One can get so close to a beautiful painting that it will look like nothing but a smudge, and a husband can get so close to his wife that she will look like nothing but a blot on life.

From the way in which most runaway marriages turn out there appears to be nothing like a love-match for lighting the flame of hatred.

It takes just two minutes to swallow a high-ball—and just two hours to explain to his wife how he happened to do it.

## Chapters From a Woman's Life

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE next morning Jack was in a dreadful hurry to get away, fussing Norah until she was in tears. I hadn't a chance to talk to him about anything, and forgot to ask him the name of the stock until he had left the house. I tried to make him come back a moment, but he wouldn't listen to me.

What should I do? Call Mrs. Somers up and tell her Jack was going to something in the market to-day, and that I had been unable to find out what it was? Or risk making Jack angry by calling him at the office and asking him about it? I decided upon the latter. I hadn't the courage to face Mildred's reproaches, neither did I dare let her find out that Jack had information I had not given her.

So waiting until nearly 10 o'clock, when I was sure Jack would be in his office, I called up. Jack had positively forbidden me to do this unless I were ill, or something really serious made it necessary, as Mr. Flam did not like his employees to be called to the phone on private matters during business hours.

"Yes," they answered when I asked if Jack was there. "Mr. Coolidge is here, but he is busy. Is it anything important?"

"Please tell him that Mrs. Coolidge would like to speak to him!"

"Hello!" I answered.

"Well, what is it? Anything wrong?" Jack's voice plainly showed his impatience at the call.

"No, nothing serious. But, Jack, you forgot to tell me the name of the stock you are going to buy!"

"I thought I had told you never to call me in business hours!" and the telephone clicked as he hung up the receiver.

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